



A  
P O E M  
On the DEATH of the Late  
Countess of *SUNDERLAND*.



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for a young poet.*

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*Beauty and Virtue.*

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A  
P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of

A N N E,

L A T E

Countess of *SUNDERLAND.*

Humbly Inscrib'd to his GRACE

The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

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By Mr. C H U T E.

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*Quis, talia fando*  
*Temperet a Lachrymis?* ———— Virg.

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L O N D O N :

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Beatty and Foster

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P O E M

A V A

March 1st 1864

Dear Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

Wm. A. Foster

Beatty and Foster





A

# P O E M

On the DEATH of the late  
Countess of *SUNDERLAND*.

W<sup>H</sup>at Bounds to Sorrow shall the *Muse* propose.  
When from so just a Cause her Sorrow flows?

When *Virtue* so divine the Soul inspires,

When *Beauty* so compleat the Fancy fires,

Self

Self mov'd melodious might her Numbers fall,  
Like Atoms at their Great Creator's Call.

Yet, diffident she soars, on Infant Wing,  
And trembles as she strikes the tuneful String ;  
When such a Subject claims her humble Lays,  
She dreads the Task, and bashfully obeys,  
Nor more the lovely Theme her Breast inspires,  
Than Tears obstruct, and damp the rising Fires.  
Weep then my Muse, nor seek a vain Relief,  
Since all the World participates thy Grief.  
A Cause no less could mighty CHURCHILL move,  
Here mighty CHURCHILL shall thy Grief ap-  
Behold that HEROE, who unalter'd stood, <sup>[prove.</sup>  
In Fields of Slaughter, drench'd with *Gallick*  
<sup>[Blood ;</sup>

Whilst

Whilst all around swift Fate uncertain flies,  
 And Cannons, big with Death, re-thunder on the  
 Who calm, unconquer'd, with a Dauntless Mien, <sup>[Skies.</sup>  
 View'd all the Horrors of the War serene.  
 Now gen'rous Weakness his firm Soul o'er-bears,  
 And tender Softness melts him into Tears;  
 Free as those Drops, Oh may thy Numbers flow!  
 And let the Verse be equal to the Woe.  
 In lower Spheres Misfortunes take their Turn,  
 And only those who Suffer seem to Mourn.  
 But, If a CHURCHILL Weep? a SPENCER Die,  
 The Sympathetick Sorrow streams from ev'ry Eye.

**B**E present to my Aid, ye heav'nly Quire!  
And soft expressive Sounds of Grief inspire;  
Whilst I in lofty Strains attempt to Mourn,  
And consecrate a Verse to SPENCER's Urn:  
A Verse that far as her fair Fame may fly,  
And force a Tear from late Posterity!

And Thou, Thrice-hallow'd Shade! whose  
[willing Muse  
Did thoughts Divine into thy Soul infuse,  
Whose tuneful Lyre still lent its ready Strings,  
To sing in mighty Numbers mighty Things ;  
Low at thy sacred Shrine I prostrate fall,  
(SPENCER my Theme, a *Spencer's* Aid I call : )  
Instruct me, Bard rever'd! who best canst teach  
The Path to Heighths which thou alone couldst  
[reach ;  
Safe

Safe in thy Conduct, fearless will I Soar,  
And tempt securely Steps untrod before.

Already big in Hope the Flight I try,  
Mount o'er the Clouds, and gain the nether Sky;  
Support me Pow'r ! Oh rein the winged Steed !  
Prescribe his Bounds, and moderate his Speed.  
Guide thou my Pen, approve my just Design,  
Breath in each Thought, and brighten ev'ry Line.

Say, Muse ! Where first shall I begin the Task  
That would the Toil of endless Ages ask ?  
What first attempt to Praise, when ev'ry Part  
Blossoms in the Eye, and ravishes the Heart ?  
Say, shall I trace her through each Scene of Life,  
The spotless Virgin, and the faultless Wife ?

C

Attend



Attend her to the last sad Hour, and paint  
 The living Wonder, and the dying Saint?  
 Thence form a Pattern to remotest Climes,  
 And teach Perfection to succeeding Times!

Attend, ye Nymphs! whom Beauty bids be Gay,  
 Nor view unmov'd the Picture I display;  
 Would you be all as Lovely as you seem,  
 Learn from my Verse, to Copy from my Theme.  
 Read here, and reading, Mourn her early Fate,  
 And mourning, Envy not, but Emulate.

Nature on her employ'd her chiefest Care,  
 And form'd her an Example to the Fair:  
 Gave us her utmost Efforts to behold,  
 And cast the Figure in her fairest Mold;

With o



With the white Lilly mix'd the blushing Rose,  
 And bid them in her Cheeks their Charms disclose,  
 With borrow'd Lustre from each other shine,  
 And each, from each, contract an Air divine!  
 But, when she came to view the finish'd Piece,  
 And thought to mend what might be found amiss,  
 Long on the new-Created Form she gaz'd,  
 Admir'd with Transport, and with Wonder  
 Conscious the perfect Work was her's alone, <sup>[prais'd :</sup>  
 Amaz'd, she own'd she had her self out-done ;  
 Then laugh'd, to think how future Wits would  
 The Dregs and Squeezings of a fruitless Brain, <sup>[strain</sup>  
 To paint, in Water-Colours at the best,  
 The Beauties PAPHOS' Goddess ne'er possess !  
 Yet, when such heav'nly Themes invite the Bard,  
 The pleasing Labour is its own reward ;

And, whilst the *fading Beauties* we rehearse,  
*More lasting Charms* immortalize the Verse.

Here *Virtue* had her Aid with *Nature* join'd,  
 That the frail Charms which are to Flesh confin'd  
 Might Shine more bright by Graces of the Mind:  
 These all, She knew, were destin'd to Decay,  
 And *Youth* and *Beauty* vanish in a Day;  
 But join'd, in one Celestial Sphere they move,  
 And lift the Mortal to the Seats above.  
 So, when the Streams which near proud *Troy* arose,  
 Like *Tame* and *Ifis*, one kind Channel chose,  
 The little Currents, which ignobly flow'd,  
 Nameless before, without their Genial God,  
 United now, remain obscure no more,  
 But roll renown'd along *Scamander's* Shore.

Now,

Now Muse the Horrors of thy Tale prepare,  
 Nor here refuse, ye Nymphs! a pitying Tear,  
 To see this Sun, which late so lovely shone,  
 Stopt in its Course, and Setting e'er its Noon;  
 Too rigid Fate! when one sad Breath must tell  
 How bright it Rose, and how untimely Fell!

Let not this Scene alone your Pity move,  
 This godlike Pattern may your Hearts improve:  
 Oh View, Contemplate, Imitate, Admire!  
 Let gen'rous Ardours ev'ry Breast inspire,  
 Behold her, 'midst of Agonies resign'd,  
 Attend her Doom with an undaunted Mind;  
 Mild, as calm Martyrs, wait her God's Decree,  
 And look with Transport on Eternity;

The

The Fears of Death, with pleasing Hopes, beguile:  
 He ghastly Grins, she answers with a Smile;  
 Impatient of Delay expects the Change,  
 And longs through Regions unexplor'd to range.  
 Unmov'd She met that Fate which others griev'd,  
 And bore with less regret than we receiv'd.  
 Thus *Virtue*, tho' from Death it cannot save,  
 Prepares and fits us to embrace the Grave,  
 Protracts our Views, and opens to the Sight  
 A distant Prospect full of new Delight:  
 Eager to grasp the tempting Prize, the Soul  
 Smiles at the Gulph between, and rushes to the  
 [Goal.

But see, distracting Cares invade her Breast,  
 The Soul stopt short, just hast'ning to its Rest.

The



A gen'rous Strife now kindles in her Mind,  
 Anxious she seems, and half to Life inclin'd,  
 In pity to the World she leaves behind.  
 Now mourns she must her tender Lord forsake,  
 And taste a Joy that he may not partake;  
 Her blooming Offspring now Compassion move,  
 The living Pledges of their mutual Love!  
 A while in pious Doubt she seem'd to wait,  
 But her Resolves were obstinate as Fate:  
 The Soul remain'd unalterably bent,  
 Thoughts might perplex, but chang'd not her In-  
 So, when some Current Icy Fetters bind,  
 The Surface only feels it self confin'd;  
 Silent beneath the Waters peaceful move,  
 Glide on serene, nor know the Change above.

Just



Just as her Soul did for its Flight prepare,  
 The lovely Orphans claim'd a Mother's Care ;  
 She would have pray'd, but Speech was now deny'd,  
 And on her Tongue the fault'ring Accents dy'd.  
 Look down on these, she cry'd, and let them be--  
 Death caught the Word---and Heav'n reply'd, as  
 Now everlasting Slumbers seal her Eyes, <sup>[blest as thee.</sup>  
 And her pure Soul ascends its native Skies.  
 Forbear my Muse! in vain thy Tears are shed ;  
 Tears nought avail, nor Pray'rs recal the Dead.

Oh! rather than the youthful Mourners chear,  
 (The youthful Mourners, Heav'n's peculiar Care!)  
 Comfort their Sorrows, teach them to sustain  
 That stroke of Fate which to resist were vain.

On °

On them, their mighty Loss to recompence,  
 May Heav'n its Blessings plenteously dispense,  
 Long may they Live, mature in ev'ry Charm,  
 Strike ev'ry Eye, and ev'ry Fancy warm ;  
 Let *Art* and *Nature* join their Forms to Grace,  
 And call the MOTHER forth in ev'ry Face ;  
 To them may Heav'n impart *thy* Virtues too,  
 And teach them *thy* Example to pursue,  
*Thy* bright Perfections into each transfuse,  
 And make *thy* Race the Theme of ev'ry Muse.

Yet should they with an equal Lustre shine,  
 And grow in Graces that may vie with *thine*,

Alas! permit us to lament our Fate,  
 To lose so soon what Heav'n bestow'd so late!  
 Are then our Crimes to such a Measure grown  
 They need a *spotless Victim* to atone?  
 Must we so fair a Sacrifice resign?  
 Will *Innocence* alone, appease the Wrath Divine?

Might humble *Dust* explore the hidden Cause,  
 And search the Source of Heav'n's *mysterious Laws*,  
 Would Heav'n permit the mighty Guilt to know,  
 That drew on such irreparable Woe;  
 From what Offence the dire Resentment grew,  
 That with the Sinner swept the Guiltless too?

The warn'd World would learn to Sin no more,  
 And Heav'n again the *Victim* might restore,  
 Reserve this Stroke, the next Offence to pay,  
 And each Relenting Wretch would then obey ;  
 Oh had they such another Prize to lose,  
 They durst not sure th' Almighty's Grace abuse,  
 All, all their grateful Praises would return,  
 And thus preserve, what losing, all must Mourn.

But—What Pretence has Human kind to plead?  
 Or who for sinful Man shall intercede?  
 Rash Mortals must not tax the Pow'r Immense,  
 And seek for Causes that surpass their Sense.

HIS just Decrees weak Reason cannot weigh ;

Nor are we to Examine, but Obey.

The fairest Forms must into Ruin fall :

Who gave our Breath, resumes it with a Call ;

And *Nothing* only chang'd its Name, to seem this  
Beauteous ALL.



F I N I S.